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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE. EDUCATION. AND AGRICULTURE.

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STORY OF "WILDCAT."

Now "Wildcat" was a wonderful cat in his day; and this is the way he came to belong to Moses, and at the same time came to be called Wildcat.

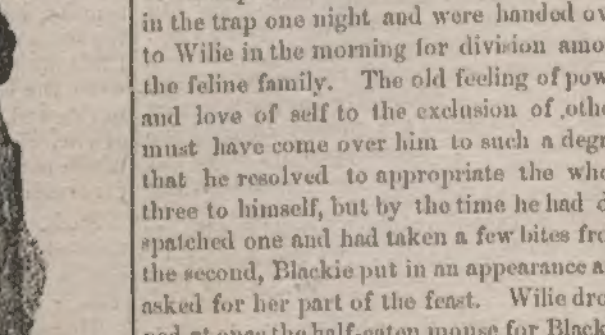
One cold December day when Moses, who was quite a little boy, living in a western village, was getting unusually lonesome from being shut in the house and having no little brother to play with, a strange, wild, hungry, gray and Maltese cat made his appearance. He was very shy and suspicious of everybody, though Moses tried his best to make friends with him by giving him nice bits of meat. The cat ate greedily, but would skulk away again, appearing the next day for his dinner. This was repeated day after day, but had little effect in taming him; so in consideration of his wild nature he was called Wildcat, which soon dropped into Wilie, for short.

When mamma asked her little boy what he would like for a New-Year's present, he said, "I think I would like Wildcat better than anything else in the world." So when he opened his eyes on the first morning of the new year and saw Wildcat lying near his pillow, he said it was the happiest New-Year he had ever seen.

From that day Wildcat put aside his gypsy-life, became as tractable as a kitten, and was really installed a member of the clergyman's family.

He couldn't be called at this time a handsome cat. Every hair on his long, lank body seemed to have an individuality of its own and to stand out separate and distinct from the others; he had a starved, eager, warlike look; but there was character in his face; his prominent jaw and compressed mouth showed great firmness and a determined hang-on. He was a warrior, no doubt of that, and had been in battles and tournaments innumerable, as a tattered ear and several scars on his body testified. But no one knew anything definite of his early history; it was believed, however, that, in spite of his uncomely appearance, he had sprung from an old and respectable family and had seen better days. On a more familiar acquaintance he showed unmistakable signs of good-breeding, and could perform many wonderful tricks. He would sit in Moses' chair and eat very daintily from his plate on the table, he would stand on his hind feet and plead in a touching way for his dinner, he would tap at the door to come in, and lift the latch himself when not bid to enter. Moreover, Moses believed he was a religious cat, for he asked his mother one day if she didn't think Wilie, with Blackie, a grown-up kitten, and some neighboring cats didn't hold prayer meetings under the barn, to which she made answer, "Political meetings, I guess, Moses."

When Wilie had lived with them about a year, the clergyman with his family moved East, and the cat was boxed up and expressed "right side up with care" to the new home. Moses was at the station to meet the train, and heard Wilie's voice the moment the locomotive stopped whizzing, and was as glad to release him as was Wilie glad to stretch his legs after the long hours' cramping in his wooden cage. Whether Wilie didn't like his new home in the East or whether from a foolish prejudice he entertained against dogs, which he doubtless inherited, and was frightened away by some neighboring ones: or whether his old roving habits clung to him and pushed him out to new adventures no one could tell; but he suddenly disappeared. Moses mourned and would not be comforted, everybody missed him, the clergyman advertised him, offering a handsome reward, but no Wilie came. About a month after, on Thanksgiving-day, a boy called with a covered basket in his hand, the contents of which were soon discovered by Wilie's well-known voice again, which was a joyful sound. When the lost pet was passed around, hugged and kissed to the satisfaction of all parties, it was declared the best Thanksgiving that had ever come to them. It was found out that Wilie had turned some of his smart tricks to as good account as Signor Blitz; they had really become his stock in trade while travelling about. When hunger oppressed he would stand on his hind feet, put up his paws and plead in such a way that the boys would give him meat in return, then he would turn somersaults in gratitude, and he had added a number of new tricks to his stock that [illegible] had lost two teeth and had received a wound in the right shoulder which he kept silent about, but which took some of the old spirit out of him. This was Wilie's last sowing of wild oats. He never left his home again, but settled down into a staid, sober, musing, purring old cat, always knowing Moses' voice and touch from the rest of the family; for since he had become a member of it, two little girls and a boy had been added, of whom Wilie was very fond, but no one quite took the place of Moses, his first love.



Perhaps the spirit of love and kindness among these children had its effect upon Wilie, who was really of a belligerent nature, for I believe where children dwell together in love and unity it not only has its influence on other children all about them, but on cats and the live things in the neighborhood. So, if Wilie did not really become considerate and self-denying in his old days he was at least tolerant, and allowed new cats to come in and be at ease in the household, and sometimes he even gave up his own favorite corner to them; but it must be confessed that he often took the biggest half of the loaf to himself. One little instance will show how he sometimes forgot his better self and fell back into his old habits in spite of the good example of his superiors. Three mice had been caught in the trap one night and were handed over to Wilie in the morning for division among the feline family. The old feeling of power and love of self to the exclusion of others must have come over him to such a degree that he resolved to appropriate the whole three to himself, but by the time he had despatched one and had taken a few bites from the second, Blackie put in an appearance and asked for her part of the feast. Wilie dropped at once the half-eaten mouse for Blackie, and took the last whole one for himself. With all Moses' love for Wilie, he liked fairness between cats as well as folks better, and he couldn't defend him in this piece of practical selfishness, and showed his disapproval by dividing the choice bits at the next mouse-feast himself.

Cats came and went to the minister's household, yet none of these changes seemed to affect Wilie in the least; in fact, he welcomed new-comers with a sort of patronizing air as if sole owner and proprietor of the premises. The scarlet fever broke out at one time among the children, and Blackie took it and died, but Wilie managed somehow to hold on, though he was getting to be an old cat. As near as they could calculate, he must have seen at least eighteen birthdays. He cared less and less about hunting and out-door sports, and seemed content and satisfied when in Moses' arms or lying on the rug close by the fire. He would stand at the door

and watch for hours for his coming, and then climb on his lap and, putting cheek to cheek, would purr his satisfaction till he dropped off to sleep. His beard had become gray and his step slow and unsteady, his teeth were gone, and toward the last he became so indifferent to eating at all, that our little boy tried to tempt his appetite by feeding him porterhouse-steak, made fine, his favorite dish, with a teaspoon; but Willie's taste, too, had left him, and he didn't care any more for tender steak or a delicious mouse, though he recognized Moses to the last.

On the morning of the 12th of June Willie was found stretched out by the kitchen fire in his last sleep. It was a great comfort to Moses to know his father had been with him and had seen him fairly out. He wouldn't consent, though earnestly solicited, to preach a sermon, or allow Moses to preach one on the occasion; yet Willie lay in state in a shady corner of the veranda till a grave was dug under a gnarled russet-apple tree a little west of the house, and Willie was placed tenderly and in order in a box and put in it, while Moses as a substitute for a sermon, tearfully repeated, "All flesh is grass." The grave is kept covered with fresh moss from the woods, and its head is marked by a little rustic cross made by Moses' own hands.

I quite forgot to say in the proper place than while Willie's powers were in their cat glory he was taken to the nearest village, where was stopping a daguerrean, to have his picture taken, and our illustrations are the result, which Moses says look just like him, with the very same expression.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &c.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER II.—LIFE PICTURES.

We leave Ben White in the sound sleep of boyhood, to follow Harry Barber on his way to town.

As Harry moved down the slope that led from the house to the road, he wondered that after all he felt so little tired. He had a motive now that made movement easy. There was a burning thirst within him—a thirst which he was going to gratify; he had the means on his arm. He knew where that shawl would bring the money to feed the fire within him. He stepped quickly, but not quickly enough for the demon that was urging him on.

"There's a storm rising," he said to himself when half way to town. "I had better take the short cut; the railway will be the best way."

So down from the turnpike he hurried, and walked along the ties as swiftly as he could in the growing darkness. Suddenly he heard the loud whistling of an engine, and looking behind him, he saw the one bright light of a locomotive glaring right in his face. He stepped quickly aside on to the other track, confused and frightened. Hardly had he had time to think that he was safe, when from the opposite direction, sweeping round a curve, another train bore down upon him. The fiery eye of the locomotive was but a few yards away from him on the track where he stood, while on that which he had quitted the rumbling cars were whirling past. He had not a moment to lose. Down he threw himself flat in the narrow hollow between the sleepers. The locomotive and a long, long train thundered along over him.

Not the engineer, not the passengers intent on gain or pleasure, knew of the poor, horror-stricken fellow-being who lay below them in the very jaws of death.

The train swept by, and was gone in the darkness, yet there lay Harry Barber, like one in a trance. He hardly knew whether he were living or dead. His body stirred not, hand or foot, but his soul was awfully alive. More swiftly than the hurrying train had passed over him while he lay stretched close to the cold ground, through his mind had rushed the story of his life, that life for which he might that moment be called to account; his happy, boyish face growing fuller and heavier as he learned to consider something good to eat as his greatest pleasure; the apples stolen from a neighbor at night, and eaten in secret; the pies from the pantry, the cider from the cellar, taken so slyly and swallowed so greedily; the first drink at a bar, with a bold outside manner, and a guilty, frightened feeling within; his first fit of intoxication, concealed by the other boys, and passed off as a bad headache at home in the morning; his place as clerk in a grocer's shop, where, selling liquor to others, he secretly found chances to feed the strong taste that was growing within him. Then came the picture of his Kate, as he first knew her—the boast of the village, straight and slender as a young elm; how proud he was the day she shyly promised to be his bride—a promise, too, he then made to her that never thereafter would he taste a drop of the drink that he loved. He could remember how he broke that promise, secretly and carefully at first. He could see the old tree where his bottle was hidden and visited in the darkness; how he grew bolder, and declared it a childish folly to give up what did him good—a silly promise better broken than kept; how Kate pleaded at first, but in vain; then grew silent and hollow-eyed; how she bore all patiently until he struck their little boy, their poor little Joe. Then her smothered wrath broke forth, and she declared that she would never bear. He might neglect her, starve her, beat her; but her children should be safe, if they were sheltered in the almshouse. How little Joe learned to hide away when his father was coming, and Kate to meet him with a troubled, anxious face. Only little Mollie never turned from him; he believed she loved him yet. And Kate, too, she loved him—yes, loved the poor, worthless, drunken fellow, who lost every place his good manners or her good name got for him—was turned out here and turned out there, till even in a liquor-shop [illegible] loved him, though he had made her a poor, hard-working, hungry, desperate woman. She loved him; he had heard her pray for him, when she thought him asleep. She loved him, and what had he been to her? Cold, hard, harsh, and even cruel.

All this Harry Barber remembered, and more. He knew there was a God in heaven, a righteous Judge. He knew he had taken his sound, healthy body, and made it a poor, trembling, diseased thing, that preferred the destroying drink to its simple, natural food. He knew that the soul Christ had bought with his blood and placed in a Christian community, he, Harry Barber, had given over to the ways of sin. His prayers neglected, his Bible unopened, the church unvisited, these were the beginnings. Then came the oath unchecked, the lips polluted, the heart a home of vile, wicked thoughts, the hands idle, the whole man sold, yes, sold to the devil, and fit for everlasting punishment!

Such, such were the thoughts that tormented the soul of Harry Barber as he lay, like a crushed worm, beneath the whirling cars.

That wild rumbling was over, and all was silence in a moment; then came the awful rolling of the thunder, and the sharp flashes of lightning. To Harry they seemed like the voice and eye of God, that God whom he had offended, and who seemed so near him now. He tried to stir. He seemed benumbed in every limb. The fear seized him that another train would come hurrying over him. He could not bear another such moment of agonized waiting, with those wild cars dashing over him. With a strong effort he broke the spell upon him, and rolled over and over, until he felt at least that he was safe for a moment, at least, from that danger; but he could not rise. There, lying on the wet ground, with the rain beating upon him, his mind clear and his soul aghast, he saw himself—an unforgiven sinner, before a pure and righteous God. In the Book of Life his name was not written. He had no Friend above. His friends were of the street corner and the grocery-shop—friends who helped to drag him down to ruin, but never lent a kindly hand to give him a meal when he was hungry, or to keep him back from going to swift ruin, body and soul. Such are the drunkard's friends!

(To be Continued.)

SUBSTITUTE LAGER-BEER.

A TRUE STORY, BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Fanaticism will never gain permanent victories; when the cause of temperance takes its place among sober, moderate reforms, there will be some hope of the perpetuity of its work."

"What would you suggest as some of the best methods of carrying out this sober, moderate reform?"

"Among others, the substitution of mild lager beer for the fiery Bourbon and other drinks which so inflame the blood and attenuate the nerves of our excitable American people. Men will not be coerced in matters of eating and drinking; the day for enforcing sumptuary laws has passed by, but offer them a substitute equally agreeable and totally innocuous in its properties, and their native good sense will, as a matter of course, lead them to adopt it."

"You think so? I deny your conclusion, but I go further and say also that you are totally at fault in your premises. Lager-beer is not perfectly innocuous; I could give you many instances in proof, but one will suffice:

"James L——, lives with his family not many miles away from the great city, in the country town where lives our pleasant summer home—that is, he lives with his family when he is not away on a spree, or lying drunk in some bar-room round the village. The nephew of a well-known New York physician, James had as fair prospects in life as any gentleman's son in the land, till, in an evil hour, his widowed mother contracted a second marriage with a rich and specious hotel-keeper, and her boy, brought up in a bar-room, soon learned the fatal habits which three years' experience of camp-life during the war of the rebellion frightfully developed. At the close of the war a long, dangerous illness for the time sobered the young man and made him an object of interest in the patriotic community in whose defence the camp-fever had been contracted, and during this bright interlude he married the daughter of a farmer belonging to one of the oldest families in the state. The wedding was but the prelude to the oft-repeated miserable years of a drunkard's family life, the only variation being that the wife, a woman of spirit and capacity beyond many others, put her shoulder to the wheel and, adapting herself to the situation, made a comfortable living for herself and children by taking in fine laundry work. At length there came a change, revival services were held, and among those who professed to have found the 'pearl of great price' was James L——, who with wife and one child came forward one bright June morning to take openly the name and position of a Christian. Now in that home all things became new. Instead of curses arose the voice of family prayer; instead of hiding their hard earned pennies from the avarice of the drunkard, mother and children gladly asked for and received from the proud father such things as necessity and taste demanded. All who knew them rejoiced that the man was redeemed and the family saved.

"Four years have passed; how is it now? Mrs. L——, again takes in washing, assisted by her delicate girl, while the boy, going to the bad as rapidly as possible, dogs his lost father round to lager-beer saloons, or brings him home to alternate between crossness and stupidity in the home which has twice so disappointed its inmates.

"'I have no hope of Jim' now says his utterly discouraged wife; 'he has never broken his pledge, as he maintains; he drinks neither whiskey nor brandy; but some moderate temperance people persuaded him that lager was not included in the pledge, and that it was, on the contrary a healthful beverage; so he began to drink it and has done nothing else ever since. It's ten times as bad as it was before; then he would get wildly drunk at times and threaten our lives, or be gone two or three days, and we would not know what might have happened to him; but between whiles he was so kind, so repentant, and so gentlemanly that one could not but love him and hope for the best. But now he is never sober, never goes away, but hangs round the house crossly and stupidly drunk all the time; there are no bright intervals, never any more gentlemanliness, any more repentance. He seems to take pleasure in degrading and ruining his only boy, and for the rest it is just what you see.'

"And as I look round at the bloated and brutalized snorer on the lounge, I felt that here was a sufficient answer to the remedial measure you moderates propose—substitute lager-beer."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

WHICH IS MASTER?

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Said a man to me one day, when we were talking on the matter of temperance: "Liquor don't trouble me much; I wish I could say the same about tobacco. Tobacco's the only boss I've got. I've tried to quit, but can't."

It is too evident that very many, besides this man, are serving in demoralizing bondage under this same unsavory, relentless "boss," or some other fleshly tyrant. Such bondage is unbecoming to men. It saps true manhood, and fetters the higher faculties of the soul. Centuries ago, that stern old Roman, Cato, just before his death, insisted that the "good man alone is free, and all the rest are slaves."

Body and spirit constituted a man. The spirit is the higher element, the body the lower. In order to have perfect harmony and true happiness in our lives, we must have the higher spiritual powers rule the lower animal propensities and sensual appetites. It makes a world of difference whether the spirit is enslaved and driven by depraved fleshly desires, or whether the body is wisely led and governed by the sound judgment and better will of the spirit, which lifts man above all mere animal classifications.

Then let us settle it in our inmost heart that the spirit shall be master, and the body must be servant. Let us be kings and priests in these clay tabernacles of ours. And if any fleshly desires seem likely to to overcome us, and bring us into subjection to some pampered appetite, lets us fast and pray and become endued with fresh power. Thus wisely ruling our bodies by our spirits, we shall have the true "liberty of the sons of God."—*American Messenger.*

A TEMPERANCE CHURCH.

Dr. Cuyler's church is pre-eminently the temperance church of the City of Churches. The manufacturers, venders, and drinkers of intoxicating liquors give it the "go by," and make a broad margin between their steps and the shadow of its steeple. Its communicants are total abstainers, who do not taste intoxicating wine at the Communion table, at the home gathering, at wedding parties, nor at social entertainments. His temperance church has a temperance pulpit, a temperance platform, and a temperance Sunday-school. The genius of temperance is enthroned upon the altar and sways the sceptre of control over pew and pulpit, over church and congregation, at the prayer-meeting and public convocation, infusing its sentiments in the heads and hearts of old and young.

The atmosphere of Lafayette Avenue Church palpitates with the principles of uncompromising abstinence from alcoholic poisons; the thoughtful and cultivated people who worship there give a purer tone to society, and aid in lifting it to a loftier plain of refinement and morality. They, with the quiet eloquence of example, as well as by precept, utter an unfaltering protest against the drinking usages that are too common in our so-called best society. Dr. Cuyler has enriched our religious and temperance literature with his contributions to our papers and magazines, and his tracts, sermons, and addresses have been scattered like the leaves for the healing of the nations. His books are steeped in the sentiment of loyalty to humanity, and of love to every virtue that "clears the way" for the progress of religion and reform.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"YES," said the Rev. John Pierpont, "you have a license, and that is your plea; I adjure you to keep it; lock it among your choicest jewels; guard it as the apple of your eye; and when you die and are laid out in your coffin, be sure that the precious document is placed between your clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront your victims before God, you may be ready to file your plea of justification and to boldly lay down your license on the bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it; you will then want your license signed by the county commissioners and endorsed by the selectmen."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE CARE OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY MISS E. R. SCOVIL.

Fashion, that stern task-mistress, that Moloch to whom so many children have been sacrificed in bygone days, for once asserted her influence on the side of common sense when she declared that their necks, arms and legs should be protected by proper clothing. A few years ago it was not an uncommon sight to see a mother warmly dressed, in thick woollen fur-trimmed garments, leading by the hand a child daintily arrayed in a short frock with at least two inches of its poor little legs uncovered between the edge of its drawers and the top of its tiny white socks; or indoors to see plump necks and rounded arms exposed to an atmosphere which adults could meet only when swathed to neck and wrists.

Happily this absurd custom is a thing of the past and one can only trust it never may be revived. Light woollen materials should be used in winter and colors selected that will wash when necessary. The garments should be so made as not to impede the freest use of the limbs.

Healthy children require a great deal of exercise, and should be encouraged to play vigorously and shout lustily for some time every morning in the open air. They will be much more ready to play quietly in the nursery during the remainder of the day than if they had been taken for a decorous walk, which is simply useless as exercise for the young muscles that need strengthening and developing.

If perfectly well they should be sent out in all weather, except when it is absolutely raining. Then they should have on part of their out-door clothing, be sent into a room where the windows are open, and made to play tag, puss-in-the-corner, or any active in-door game, for half an hour or more. Nothing is so fatal to children as bad ventilation. Their bed-room windows should invariably be open at night; if there is any fear of a draught a light frame made to fit the window with flannel tacked on each side of it will admit fresh air and obviate the difficulty.

No garment that has been worn during the day should be suffered to remain on during the night. A cotton night dress is all that is necessary in summer. In winter, or if the child has a delicate chest, or is subject to croup, a scarlet flannel jacket may be added.

Children should be thoroughly bathed from head to foot every morning in cold or tepid water. A tin hat-bath is a good substitute for a large bath; if neither can be obtained, a square of oil-cloth should be provided on which the child can stand and be sponged without fear of soiling the carpet. Only a part of the body should be wetted at one time and dried before proceeding farther. Every mother should see that her children of ten or twelve have a bath of some kind every day. If left to themselves it is too apt to be neglected, and nothing does more to promote a healthy action of the skin and make the complexion clear and fresh than thorough daily ablutions.

The greatest attention should be paid to the care of the teeth. Until a child is old enough to use a brush they should be washed with a soft rag dipped in cool water at least twice a day. After eating an elastic thread should be passed between them to removed any particles of food that may have lodged there. At the first symptom of decay a dentist should be consulted and his advice followed. If the first teeth are properly cared for the second set is much more likely to be well formed and free from imperfections than if the others had been neglected.

The hair should be well brushed wish a soft brush and never touched with a fine comb, which, as well as a stiff brush, causes disease of the scalp. It should be cleansed by washing in warm water to which a little borax has been added, with plenty of white soap, and thoroughly rinsing with clear water.

The hair grows from the head, so cutting the ends can do no possible good. If it splits at the ends it is owing to a deficiency of natural oil, and may be remedied by using a little sweet oil.

It is a popular fallacy that the extreme growth of hair tends to weaken the system. If it is cut nature will produce fresh hair more quickly, thus increasing instead of lessening the strain on the productive powers.

Children require plenty of healthful, substantial, nourishing food; they not only have to repair the daily waste of the system but also to create new bone and muscle every day.

An infant should have food at first once in two hours during the day and four at night. When older once in four hours will be sufficient.

Young children should have a bowl of bread and milk, or at least a cup of milk, on first waking in the morning, if any length of time elapses between their rising and the regular breakfast.

They can be taught to like almost anything if its use is begun sufficiently early. Oatmeal porridge is an excellent article of diet; it may be varied by hominy, boiled rice, porridge of white or yellow Indian meal, &c. Soft boiled eggs are also good.

Tender, juicy, broiled beefsteak and roast beef or roast mutton are better than lamb or veal, as they contain more nutriment. Well-made soups and broths and fresh vegetables are never out of place. Simple puddings should be substituted for pastry, which children never should be allowed to touch.

The supper should consist of bread and milk, or bread and butter, with a slice of plain cake. Tea and coffee had better be dispensed with until eighteen or twenty. The good effect of going without them will be seen in a healthy nervous system.

Ripe fruit may always be eaten with impunity by a child who is perfectly well. The earlier in the day it is taken the better. As little sugar and cream as possible should be used with it.

A ripe orange every morning from February to June will do much to keep a child in health, and sound apples may be given almost *ad libitum*.

It is needless to say that the consumption of candy is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

This may seem diet of more than Spartan simplicity to many an indulgent mother; but if she will banish hot bread, fried meat, tea, coffee and pastry from her children's bill of fare, their rosy cheeks, firm limbs and perfect digestions will give her no cause to regret her decision.—*Christian Union.*

A PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

"Johnnie! Johnnie! come here," called Mrs. Morehead. So Johnnie came at his mother's call—a bright, active boy of twelve, with a face that denoted fun and good nature rather than firmness and steadiness.

"What do you mean, Johnnie, by making such a litter in your room? Why, I declare it's like a carpenter's shop, only worse," said Mrs. Morehead in an indignant tone, as she pointed to the pieces of boards, the chips and sawdust, and the general untidiness of the little room Johnnie called his own. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she went on, as Johnnie stooped and began to pick up some of his tools. "You really ought, and I won't have any more work done up here, I can tell you. It is too much trouble to clean this room every day, and so you can just take your boards down to the cellar."

"Oh, mother, can't I work up here?" said Johnnie in dismay. "Why I won't make such a muss again, I promise you, but I do love to saw and hammer and contrive things. All the boys have a place to work in except me!" and Johnnie's bright eyes were quite tearful at the thought.

But Mrs. Morehead was firm. She was a neat housekeeper, and she prided herself on her neatness. Johnnie's room was the only blot on the perfection of her well-kept house, and his last fancy for carpenter work was too much for her patience. So, that very afternoon all the boards went into the cellar, the apartment underwent such a dusting and sweeping as only Mrs. Morehead could give, and the last trace of disorder was banished, much to poor Johnnie's disgust.

He went down to the cellar and tried sawing a while, but the light was dim and insufficient, the air cold and damp, and he soon gave up. Then he went out in the street, for Johnnie, though he could amuse himself with tools, did not find an equal amount of pleasure in books, and presently he had found three other boys, all like himself in want of occupation.

"Let's play at jack-straws," suggested one of the three; "I've got a box of 'em in my pocket."

"Yes, do, come up in my room, boys," said Johnnie, and away they all went, racing in and up stairs like young coach-horses. But on the head of the stairs Mrs. Morehead met them with "Johnnie, look at your feet! Don't you see you are ruining the carpet with your dirty shoes! I won't have any more of this, can tell you!"

At the first sound of her voice each boy had halted abruptly—at her first admonition to Johnnie to look at his feet, all the others had looked down guiltily at their feet—and before she had quite finished speaking, the three visitors were slipping down the stairs again, followed by Johnnie with a very red face.

"Johnnie, don't stay out long," his mother called after him; but Johnnie was feeling very badly just then. His hospitable instincts had led him to welcome the boys to his room, and his mother's reception had mortified him extremely.

"Guess mother wouldn't like to have her company turned out of the house!" he muttered to himself, as he followed the discomfited boys back to the street.

The rest of that afternoon Johnnie spent in a lumber yard round the corner, where he heard much conversation unfit for his boyish ears, but where he found room and welcome. He saw boys no older than himself smoking cigars, he heard profane language from boys and men; but they were good-natured, and he found it pleasanter to stay there than to go home—home to his neat, clean, solitary room where his mother, who was really very fond of her boy, was even then putting up new window-curtains.

Perhaps if Mrs. Morehead had known what associates he was finding, she would have brought back the boards from the cellar, and even allow the neighbors' boys to leave their foot-prints on her stair-carpet unrebuked, but she did not know, and so she went on her orderly way without one misgiving.

Now, we don't mean to say that it is absolutely necessary for any boy to rush in and out of the house with muddy feet, or to bring his playmates to do the same. Nor do we advocate the transforming of a nicely-furnished room into a painter's or a carpenter's shop. But we do want to say a word for the boys, and we believe that it is far better to put up with some confusion and litter, than to drive our boys out of their own homes or to make them feel that their friends are not welcome.

Suppose your Johnnie is given to occupations and amusements which seem to you unsuitable for anything but a workshop, dear sister—why then, if you can't contrive to give him a workshop, give him the privilege of using his own room. Don't grumble, but clear it up for him, and teach him how to be as orderly as possible with all his work. Let him know that he has your sympathy and interest always. Better a spoiled carpet, than the sorrow of knowing that your boy is happiest when away from home.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOW TO KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

In the first place, don't be too exacting. If your friend doesn't come to see you as often as you wish or if she is dilatory about answering your letters, don't make up your mind at once that she has grown cold or indifferent, and, above all, don't overwhelm her with reproaches. Rest assured that there is no more certain way of killing a friendship than by exactions and upbraidings.

It is quite possible that your friend may have other duties and engagements whose performance employs the very time that you would claim, and instead of being neglected you are only waiting your turn. Perhaps she comes to you in her rare intervals of leisure to be rested and cheered and helped by your affection and sympathy. But is she likely to find cheer or comfort in your society if you meet her with doubts, with coldness or with a sense of injury, and insist on a full account of how she has spent her time, and whether she could not possibly have come before?

In nine cases out of ten she will go away feeling that she is injured by what you call affection, and that your friendship is a trouble rather than a help.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BARLEY WATER.—Two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, one pint of water; boil twenty minutes, and add sugar and lemon juice to taste.

THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER does nothing for a livelihood but farm. If he has money, he invests it in a way that will improve his farm. He informs himself as to his business and goes to work in an intelligent manner. Upon such farms no weeds stand as high as a man's head, nor are fences neglected, buildings dilapidated, implements left exposed to the weather, and stock unsheltered and uncared for; but everything denotes thrift and enterprise.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is hard on metals—quite,
It grates and rubs till they are bright
And one part fits with others.
At work it makes a jarring noise,
Not harsh enough to charm the boys,
But chafing to their mothers.

My next is one, but of many kinds—
A variety to suit all minds,
And few of them are slighted.
Make first and second together suit,
They'll give a delicious summer fruit,
With which you would be delighted.

TRANSPOSITION.

Vole hyt borneigh sa hytfels.

REBUS.

THE
C C
S I

HOUR-GLASS.

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Ice; a fluid; to hurt; a consonant; not well, off-spring; a chasm.
Centrals name a boy's name.

CHARADE.

My first is noble; my second is not so much; my whole is unequalled.

BURIED CITIES.

The balmy spring in beauty re-appears.
Sweet April, either smiles or tears, has come.
Pausing to kiss the earth, she disappears.
Then May doth wander by to coax it into bloom.

Down by the brook, whose water looks so clear,
Now from each bank the greening willows sweep
To kiss the little eddies circling near,
And lean as though entranced above the sparkling deep.

The stream, all dimpling at those kisses, slides
Past many a grassy knoll and darkling cave,
Till clearer, deeper than before, it glides
Into the waiting lake, whelmed in a watery grave.

The crocus wakes to keep its tryst with spring,
Kissed and caressed to life by April's sun.
Ladened with sweets, soon June will roses bring,
And May repose because her work is done.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY 1.

Wheel Puzzle.—

Charade.—Star of Bethlehem.

Word Square.—

HAGAR
AMASA
GATAM
ASANA
RAMAH

Nine Mountain Peaks: Ararat, Hor, Sinai, Nebo, Pisgah, Horeb, Moriah, Lebanon, Carmel.

ONLY BUTTONS!

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

All that night Good and Evil seemed to be fighting a battle over Jim; Evil whispered, 'Tom does not want his dog half as much as you want a sovereign; you can sell him; it will be quite easy.' The Good answered, 'Lead him not into temptation but deliver him from evil;' and Jim, when he woke up, found himself repeating, 'for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.' He started when he thought of the dream, and all day it haunted him. Which was to conquer, the Good or the Evil?

Day succeeded day, and week succeeded week, and life at Cricklade seemed as unchanged as the hills which surrounded it. The lion days of March were giving place to the soft, lamb-like sunshine and showers of April. March could boast of rough, cruel deeds, of trees laid low, branches torn away, ships wrecked, windows blown in, and many an attack of rheumatism for old folks.

And now April was wanted to set right all these things, to change this reign of terror into one of peace, to make the grass green where the trees had fallen, to cover up the broken limbs with a show of leaves, to brighten the invalids with warm sunshine, and to bring out the flowers with gentle rain.

Buttons and the sovereign had ceased to be discussed. Fred had made up his mind that the old cricket things must do for another year, and George had turned his mind to another plan of getting cakes.

How was it with Jim? He had grown paler and thinner, and was even more silent; at times, almost morose. No wonder! The great battle between Good and Evil was still raging within him; it was a terrible conflict, and it seemed to tear him in pieces. One day Good would conquer, and he made up his mind never to think of the temptation again; but an angry word from his father would bring Evil uppermost again, and the battle would recommence with renewed fury. The poor boy had no peace. At last, there came a day when he chose his course.

It was a lovely afternoon, and all the boys were scrambling out of school as fast as they could, shouting and holloaing at the top of their voices. It is so easy to go into school quietly, for you cannot laugh and be merry when you think of the half-learnt lesson, and of the long column of spelling which has somehow slipped out of your memory altogether; but coming out, that's the time! Is there anything like the feeling of satisfaction when the clock strikes the hour of dismissal; when the books are shut with a bang and put away; when the master's face relaxes, and begins to wear the pleasant, out-of-door look; when, in fact, the heavy weight of learning is removed and safely consigned to the cupboard?

Then is the time for shouts and merriment, for throwing caps and leap-frog!

'What are you fellows going to do to-morrow?' asked one of the group.

'When I've got my breath I'll tell you,' gasped Fred, having just returned from a chase after his cap, which, in his high spirits, he had thrown into the adjoining field. 'I vote we go down to the canal to fish,' he added.

'Fish?' sneered John. 'And pray what fish do you expect to catch now, silly?'

Fred loudly resented the sneer, and put forward his plan; but the more he talked about it the less did it seem in favor, and at last John said—

'Well, then, go and fish. You know whoever proposes a plan must be the first to carry it out.'

The boys were still discussing bird's-nesting when the clergyman came up and said—

'I want to know if you will do something for me, boys. We shall want a great many flowers to decorate the school, and I hear that the daffodils are out in Grove Coppice. Will you go and gather some for us? Whoever likes can come to the Vicarage for a basket, and I hope you will bring them back quite full. I think, boys,' he added, gravely, 'you will like to feel that your holiday is not spent entirely for your own amusement: it will be a pleasure to you to help!'

They answered him brightly and eagerly; so much so, that as he was going he smiled and said—

'I doubt if I shall have baskets enough.'

'Never mind, sir,' answered the ever-ready and generous Fred, 'I will borrow one of mother's.'

Halloa, Fred! you'll want a basket to put your fish in,' suggested Tom, grinning maliciously.

'No,' answered Fred, 'I only thought some of you others would like to fish.'

'I still see a chance of birds'-nesting,' said George. 'I wonder what time we ought to start?'

'Oh, about eleven o'clock,' said John.

'I shall take my dinner,' said George.

'The worst is, I can't take Buttons with me,' said Tom. 'I know there are traps about in that wood, and Keeper Green would be angry if he saw him there. Poor Buttons! he does so hate staying at home when I go out; and I shall be away such a long time!' sighed Tom.

It would certainly take away half of Tom's pleasure to go without his little dog.

'You'll come to-morrow, Jim, won't you?' Tom called out, as Jim was seen moving off home.

He did not turn round, and only muttered something which sounded like 'No.' At all events, they understood it so, and passed their remarks accordingly.

'What a queer fellow Jim is!'

'He never says a word now.'

'His father treats him worse than a dog.'

'Poor Jim!' said Tom

'Jim, why don't you go with the other boys to pick daffodils?' asked Susie, when he got home 'I should so like a little bunch of them.'

'I can't go,' answered Jim, gloomily. 'I've got something else to do; and don't bother me with questions. Saying which he went out, banging the door behind him.

For some weeks Jim had been angry and vexed with himself, which made him the same with everybody else.

Jim wandered listlessly up and down the road till the church clock struck twelve; then he went quickly on till he came to Tom's house, which stood in a little garden of its own, some way apart from any other house. He sat down in the hedge for a very long time, it seemed to him, and he watched attentively for any signs of the little dog.

He was beginning to think it was of no good. He *almost* listened to his conscience, which whispered to him, 'Go home, Jim; don't stay here!' when, unfortunately, Mrs. Whitaker opened the door, and putting down a little bowl filled with scraps, Jim heard her say, 'There, Buttons, that's your dinner;' and then she went in again and shut the door.

A FIGHT WITHIN.

When Buttons had finished his dinner, he naturally took a little trot down to the gate, to see if his master was anywhere about; and seeing Jim, of course there was no harm in going through the gate to wag his tail, as much as to ask, "Do you know anything of Tom?"

But he must have been surprised when Jim took him in his arms, turned down the lane, and struck off hurriedly across some fields; after going some way, he carefully deposited Buttons in a bag, which he slung over his shoulder. He paused once for a moment, thinking he heard a sound; but no, it was only the church clock striking, so he walked on quickly.

Oh, Jim: Jim! it is not too late to turn back. Do listen to your conscience. It says, "Thou shalt not steal;" and Jim seemed to be walking in time to those four words, beating in his mind like the strokes of a hammer.

But alas! no; he is listening to temptation, whispering to him in a soft, persuasive voice,—'You want a sovereign far more than Tom wants his dog; you will be able to do so much with it—you will help your mother, you will send Susie to the hospital, you will make your fortune; and Tom, why, he will soon forget he ever had a dog.' So Jim holds the bag tighter than ever, and almost runs along the road.

A man breaking stones pointed him out Major Browne's house, and then Jim's heart did begin to fail him when he found he had to ring at the lodge gate, and to wait ever so long for an old woman to come out and open it. He all but ran away then.

Ah, Jim! if you only had done it, what a great deal of pain you would have spared yourself and others! Buttons would never have mentioned to Tom that mysterious ride on your shoulder and you would have conquered evil. What a victory that would have been! But sin is like a great brier, when you once let it get entangled round you it is very difficult to pull yourself from it

Jim stood at the lodge-gate. with Buttons in his arms, having taken him out of the bag, whilst the old woman looked him down from top to toe, as much as to say, "Whoever can you be?" and her inquisitive silence was even worse to bear than a rough question, Jim thought.

The footman was the next person he had to encounter, and he did more than stare at the boy and his dog. He burst out laughing when he heard what he had come about, and made some very rude remarks.

He didn't believe that master wanted such a brute of a cur; he would not touch it—no, not he! Jim could carry it himself, and he would show him the way to master's room.

Major Browne smiled when the pair appeared in the doorway.

"So you have come for your sovereign, my boy?' he said. "Well, everything can be bought and sold now-a-days, I believe; even a true friend like your little dog," he added.

He mistook Jim's pallor for deep feelings; and, to comfort him, he gave him the sovereign at once, saying,—

"I shall be going away tomorrow, so there will be no fear of his running home again, for I shall take him with me. By-the-by, what is his name?"

"Buttons," mumbled Jim, and he turned on his heel to go, disregarding the footman's "Well-I-never!" sort of look, and, of course, taking no farewell of Buttons.

"Well!" said Major Browne to himself, "that is curious! I never thought the lad would have parted with his dog; he was so hot about it the other day, and quite angry with me for offering to buy it. Now, here he comes, leaves the dog, never even says 'Good-bye' to it, and pockets the sovereign! Yes, Buttons," he added, "I fear your master is like the rest of the world—greedy after gold."

Buttons shook himself free from the caress, as if to show he dissented from Major Browne's remark, and stood in the centre of the room, sniffing doubtfully, and looking the picture of misery, his tail drooping sadly and his eyes full of tears, for Buttons was a dog of feeling.

Meanwhile, what were the boys doing in Grove Coppice? Such a wood as it was for flowers and birds' nests, cannot we fancy how glorious it looked that bright spring day? Cannot we see those half-dozen boys eagerly vaulting the palings that divided the wood from the road? Cannot we hear them rushing down the hill, squeezing the soft, spongy moss under their heavy boots, crashing through the thick brushwood, and pressing down the delicate little green shoots?

Regiments of Lent lilies, waving their yellow flags brightly in the sun, looking as if they had marched boldly up the hill to confront that sturdy patch of primroses, the close-set primrose defying them to go further; whilst on all sides the gentle wood anemones swayed slowly up and down, too delicate and too pure to be any one's enemy, and therefore allowed to spread everywhere, even under the very roots of the jealous briar.

The shouts of the boys resounded through the woods as they threw themselves down in that yellow sea of daffodils, or rushed wildly about, thinking every tuft looked finer than the one they had just picked.

It was a very large coppice, extending all along the sides of a hill, becoming at last quite a thick wood, near which was an old, disused quarry. The road skirted the bottom of the hill, and on the other side of the road ran a stream, which, though noisy, was useful in turning the mill.

During the early part of the day the boys kept more or less together, busily picking flowers; for, as John suggested, it would be better to get their baskets full before they began birds'-nesting.

Fred had, indeed, many times dashed off to a "likely-looking bush," as yet with no success, the only result being that his basket was not so full as those of the others.

"Oh, I do wish the blackberries were ripe!" said George. "I am so thirsty!"

"You always are," said John.

"Well," said Tom, "before we go home, we'll all go and have a drink of water. I know where there's a good place." Just then a rabbit started up at Tom's feet. "Oh! I wish Buttons were here! wouldn't he be pleased!" he exclaimed. "I must run and see where he has gone to, so as to tell Buttons about him;" and throwing down his basket, off he started, crashing through the briar and brushwood till he was lost to sight.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT IN CASHMERE.

The Queen of England having presented to the Maharajah of Cashmere a small steam-vessel, its trial trip on the waters of the lake was a memorable day to the inhabitants of the valley. Steam power was a mystery to them, and never before had the mountains surrounding their homes echoed back the sound of the whistle—a potent uprooter of old ideas and prejudices. At an early hour the city was full of people, and the river crowded with boats. All were desirous of getting as good a place as possible to obtain a sight of the wonderful mystery of a boat moving over the water without the agency of hands.

It had been sent to the country in pieces, which were finally put together under the direction of a European engineer. As the hour for starting drew near, the occupants of the boats became more excited than ever, and shrieked, gesticulated, and swayed about on their frail crafts. The Maharajah took his seat on the deck in a solemn and dignified manner, and gave the word to start. The whistle sounded, the musicians blew, the drummers smote their drums, and the people shouted, but the vessel stirred not. It was not till the following day that the defect in the machinery which caused the failure was rectified. That having been done, the boat was brought through the canal from the lake into the river Jhelam, where its acquisition proved a source of great amusement to the Maharajah, who every evening steamed up and down the watery highway of the city, much to the delight of his faithful subjects, who clustered like bees on every commanding point that afforded a view of the royal progress.—*D. Wakefield.*

WHITHER?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Whither look you
With longing eye?"

"I search for trace
Of my home o[illegible]a high."

"Whither c[illegible]mb you
By nigh[illegible]t and day?"

"To [illegible]he heavenly hills
[illegible] make my way."

"Why not listen
When we rejoice?"

"I have caught the tones
Of an angel's voice."

"Here are treasures
Of nature and art."

"A trues beauty
Hath ravished my heart."

"You seek a phantom
And find it never."

"That which I see
I will follow forever."

—*S. S. Times.*

A WARNING AGAINST MEDDLING.

When I was in the mountains this summer, there was a little dog in the house called Roary. He was not very pretty, and he was always barking at people and fighting with all the dogs who came near the place. One day he came home with his wool full of porcupine quills. You know that porcupines shoot out these quills when people or animals meddle with them. Roary had a hard time while his mistress was pulling these quills out of his flesh. I don't think he will want to meddle with or go near porcupines again. It does not do for boys and girls to go around scolding and quarrelling with all they meet. Once in a while they will get into a great deal of trouble by it, as Roary did, and besides that, they will never be loved. Roary was not. All the boarders would have been very glad, I guess, if he had run out of the house, and never come back again.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CALCULATING CROW.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816 states that a carrion crow perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens under the care of a parent-hen, on a lawn, picked up one; but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunperer returned accompained by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.

The Family Circle.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes do not shut
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are the worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true,
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

—*Good Words for the Young.*

SEA-CUCUMBERS.

Toward the end of October of every year there is a harvest of cucumbers, in mid-ocean. These cucumbers, however, are not at all like those we see on our tables. In the first place, they are not vegetables, but animals, and, in the second place, they grow upon the bottom of the sea. The general appearance of the creature can be seen in the accompanying cut. There are many species, but they all possess elongated worm-like bodies, with thick leathery skins, and a crown of feelers, or tentacles, about the forward extremity. All species, likewise, exercise the same astonishing method of resenting any liberties taken with their persons, by suddenly and unexpectedly ejecting their teeth, their stomach, their digestive apparatus—in fact all their insides so to speak—in the face of the intruder, reducing themselves to a state of collapse, and making of themselves mere empty bags, until such time as their wonderful recuperative powers enable them to replace the organs so summarily disposed of; for, wonderful as it may seem, teeth, stomach, digestive organs, and all soon grow again. Moreover, these stomachs have digestive powers that are not to be despised, far surpassing even those popularly ascribed to the ostrich, for the sea-cucumber actually seems to feed upon coral, and even granite has been found in its stomach.

Sea-cucumbers, as they are popularly called, are also known by the name of trepang and sea-slug. Scientific people call

SEA-CUCUMBERS.

them *Holothuroideæ*, but why no one has ever been able to find out, since the name has no meaning. Sea-cucumbers are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. Thousands of Chinese vessels, called junks, are fitted out every year for these fisheries. Trepangs are caught in different ways. Sometimes the patient fishermen lie along the fore-part of vessels, and with long slender bamboos terminating in sharp hooks, gather in sea-cucumbers from the bottom of the sea, so practised in hand and eye that the catch is never missed, and is discerned sometimes at thirty yards' distance. When the water is not more than four or five fathoms deep, divers are sent down to gather these culinary monsters, as seen in the illustration, the boat and junk remaining near to receive the harvest.

As soon as the trepangs are collected they are carried to the shore, when they are scalded by throwing them alive into large iron pots set over little ovens built of stones. Here they are stirred about by means of a long pole resting upon a forked stick, as seen in the illustration. In these vessels they remain a couple of minutes, when they are taken out, disemboweled with a sharp knife, if they haven't already thrown up their stomachs, and then taken to great bamboo sheds containing still larger boilers. In these latter is water seasoned with mimosa bark. A busy scene now ensues; all is bustle, noise, and activity. The bubbling of the great caldrons, the incessant chatter of those engaged in the work, the dumping of fresh loads of sea-cu-

GATHERING SEA-CUCUMBERS

cumbers into the vessels, and the removal of others to hang in clusters on the ropes above, or be deposited on hurdles to dry in the sun, make "confusion worse confounded," and give the spectator a new and realizing sense of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

The sea-cucumbers having been smoked in the large caldrons (for the mimosa bark is consumed in the process), and then dried, are ready for the market, and, packed in bundles, are stowed away in the holds of the junks and proas off shore.

They are said to taste like lobsters; but if they look, as one traveller says they do, "like dried sausages rolled in mud and thrown up the chimney," few of us could be induced to try whether we liked them or not.—*Harper's Young People.*

NORA'S GRIEF.

BY MRS. BOHNE.

Nora Brennan was as neat and trim a housekeeper as one would wish to see. Bartholomew Brennan, Nora's husband, called Batty for short, was as industrious and temperate as his wife was neat and thrifty. Both had worked hard since they came over from the old country, and as a result they now owned the little white house that stood on the corner, just back of the round-house, where Batty worked as one of the night-hands.

The little home was brimful of healthful romping children. There were seven in all. The twins, Mary and Maggie, were the eldest, then Ellen, Katie, Annie, Agnes and last, least but dearest of all, was little Batty, the only boy. All of the children, except Agnes and Batty, went to school. The twins and Ellen were very regular in attendance. No kind of weather except a "Nebraska blizzard" kept them at home. In fact, if there was school at all, Mary, Maggie and Ellen Brennan were there.

When other children were hurrying to school as fast as their feet could carry them for fear of being late, they always slackened their speed and walked more leisurely if they saw Mary, Maggie or Ellen on the way, for the "Brennan girls" never were tardy.

Now of course you will not be surprised to learn that these three little girls—the

BOILING AND CURING.

twins—were only half-past ten years old—were among the very best scholars in their department. Annie went to school when the wind didn't blow too hard. But Katie only went when she wanted to, or when she was compelled.

Katie was the one sad child that spoiled the record and brought down the average of the Brennan children. It was Katie who slapped the smaller children of the neighborhood and sent them home crying to tell about "Brennan's bad dirls." It was Katie who was sure to run against the neighbor's clothes props and let the clean clothes down in the sand. It was Katie who snatched apples and toys from her playmates and refused to give them up; and when Nora called Katie, Katie only shook her brown tangled curls, and tossing her arms high above her head, usually ran the opposite direction.

Unfortunately for the twins and Ellen, they and Katie were very nearly the same size, and the four sisters looked so much alike that only those who were well acquainted could tell one from another. So whatever mischief was done by Katie was credited to the Brennan girls and they were pronounced "a bad lot of children." Nora knew this, and it both grieved and vexed her. Katie was punished often and severely, but her blue eyes only flashed defiance, and her curly head only seemed more intent than ever on all kinds of wilful naughty mischief. Poor Katie felt that every one was against her, and it was no use trying to be good.

Now every one knows that in a family of seven children, where there is but one pair of hands to do everything, there is more work to be done in one day than ought to be done in three, and when one patient, tired mother, tries to do three times more work than she ought, as a general rule, everything goes wrong. This was the case with Nora. One day when the wind had blown a perfect gale and the clothes could not be hung up to dry, the stove smoked so badly that the bread would not bake; little Batty had fallen from his high-chair, and his loudcries had wakened his father from his soundest afternoon sleep. Batty Brennan, as I told you, was one of the night-hands at the round-house, so of course he slept at home in the day time; above all Katie had been more perverse and stubborn than usual.

"Katie!" exclaimed Nora, when patience was gone, and temper had rushed in in its stead, "Kate, its a bad gurl yees be. Shure an its gray me hair is gittin' for the throuble of yees. Bo off wid yees to the bed, sorry a sup shall yees ave the noight. Its graif Nora Brennan is commin' to for the loikes of ye, Kate Brennan." Kate was accustomed to summary punishment, but she was unused to such a tirade from the patient little mother. Crestfallen and somewhat awed she stole into the darkened bedroom, drew the trundle-bed part of the way out, and without undressing crept to the farther side that was still under the larger bed. Nora was too busily engaged with the evening chores to reflect for a moment on her harsh words. She did not even notice the unusual promptness with which Katie obeyed her command. Little did Nora think the last bitter words she had spoken to her child were so soon to be realized; but so it was, and this is the way it happened. Supper was over, and the inexorable six o'clock whistle had sounded that called Batty Brennan to his night work. When the supper dishes were washed, and the little ones, Annie, Agnes and Batty, were put to bed, Nora sat down to her basket of mending and the three older girls to their evening lessons. Just then the light of the kerosene lamp suddenly grew dim. Among the things that had gone wrong, forgetting to fill the lamp was the most serious. There was no way but to fill the lamp then, for the girls must get their lessons, and the mending must be done. The twins and Ellen crowded to the window to watch the evening express as it moved out of its long line of shimmering lights, looking like an illumination on wheels.

Nora first removed the lamp-chimney, then took off the burner, holding it to one side, still burning, with the end of the wick in the lamp, then taking the small oil-can in her left-hand, began slowly filling the lamp. It was not the first time Nora had performed this dangerous operation; but her hand was steady, and no accident had ever happened, and she did not realize the danger. This was the one time too many. A sudden current of air turned the flame toward the small stream of oil—a flash, a crash, and a hundred tongues of flame leaped upon the table, wall and floor. They caught the clothes-rack upon which hung the children's water-proof capes, hoods and school-dresses. Nora fortunately and wonderfully escaped the burning oil. Although terrified, she had sufficient presence of mind to carry the can of oil out into the yard. It was only the lamp that had exploded. Mary, Maggie and Ellen followed with loud screams of fright. The mother's next thought was for her sleeping children. Dashing into the bedroom she caught Annie in her arms and landed her safely in the yard; back again, catching both Agnes and Batty she rushed through the room fast filling with flame and smoke, and joined the terrified group of screaming children. The broad glare of light that shot from the open door, accompanied by cries of fire, arrested the attention of the men at the round-house, and, in much less time than it has taken to tell it, the workmen, headed by the breathless Batty, came running to the rescue.

"Nora, darlint, ave yees all the childher out av the house?"

"Sure avery wan av thim; would I be lavin oiny wan av me blessed childher to be burned?"

With this assurance Batty began a fierce battle with the fire-fiend for the possession of his little home.

"Mrs. Brennan, are all of your children safe?" another anxiously enquired.

"Me babes are wid me. Where is the say of flame that kape me from savin' me babes from the burnin'?"

As the alarm spread among the neighbors, the women, as usual, came upon the scene, and seeing the shivering, crying children, they were hustled, without ceremony, into one of the neighboring houses. The vigorous efforts of the workmen soon brought the flames under control and saved the house. The burnt table and clothes, charred clock, blackened walls and scorched floor were bad

enough, but the damage was small compared with what it would have been if the little home had burned. After sweeping out the water, Batty left Nora to tidy up the room somewhat while he went after the children.

"Poor scart things!" said Nora; "niver a bit would I slape the noight if wan av thim was from me side."

On turning down the blanket of the trundle-bed for Annie, to her dismay Nora discovered Katie sound asleep just as she had lain down before supper. The child had slept soundly through all the noise and excitement entirely overlooked by her mother. Loud cries brought Batty to the door, and there upon the floor sat Nora with the half-wakened child in her arms, rocking back and forth, crying piteously:

"Och, Katie, darlint! Katie, darlint! Was it yees own mither that left yees to be burned. The howly angels know 'twas not the mither's heart as forget her child, but the poor disthracted head, but either head or heart, Katie, yees was left to the death all the same, an' widout a sup or kiss of pace. Och, Katie, 'tis me own hard wicked heart as has brought Nora Brennan to grief and niver the worriment of the swate child that's not bad at all, at all."

"Arrah Nora, the choild is not burned. The blissed saints in heaven stood atwen Katie and the fire. Sure the home would ave been in ashes how but for the sleeping choild."

"But where is me pace of moind, Batty Brennan, for did'ant I tell yees avery wan was safe, niver 'dreamin' of the lie I was spakin,' an' Katie, me own wild Katie, anent the bed."

Nora's grief was too bitter to be soothed at once. The inevitable night work demanded Batty's return, and left alone with the children, Nora moaned and cried all night for the almost fatal mistake she had made.

When the neighbors came in the next morning to offer aid or sympathy, they found Nora quite sick with grieving, and Batty trying to comfort each one who shared in sympathy the mother's sorrow.

Poor Katie stood shy and quiet near her mother's chair. Somehow she forgot to be saucy, and was gentle with the little ones for days afterward. Katie was really trying to be good though she didn't know it.

The sunlight of mother love had shone warmly upon her, and the good seeds that were sown in her heart sprang up and burst into buds and bloom of fragrant beauty. Batty was wont to say, "the howly angels that saved Katie and the house from burning, had kissed the child."—*Interior.*

"PEACE, PEACE," THE BELIEVER'S MOTTO.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Some little churches seem to think that they must have an angry discussion every month, or else they are living beneath their gospel privileges. This leads to heart-burnings, and promotes splits and divisions, and these are as frequent among them as fights at an Irish wake. They want a new minister every now and then, for they consider their want of prosperity to be the minister's fault; and then they want a fresh set of deacons, for the evil is thought to be the deacon's fault. By-and-by they discover that some leading man, or, what is worse, some leading woman, is at the bottom of the evil, and they must get rid of him or her, and then all will go right; and they practise the process of dismemberment, cutting off one part of the body, and then another, till they think the smaller they become the better they will be. What a mistake! Do they think to find peace by breaking into pieces? The more Christians are divided the more they can subdivide, and the smaller the sect the more prepared is it for another schism.

We should labor to carry out the same quiet spirit in the family. When you get home do not change "Peace, peace," into scolding and nagging. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." The apostle says, "If it be possible," because he knew it would be a very difficult thing always to be peaceable with everybody, for some people are so unreasonable that they are never at peace till they are at war, and never quiet till they are making a disturbance. Be it ours under great provocation still to cry, "Peace peace." Put up with a great deal; bear, and bear, and bear, and bear, and bear—I have not time to repeat the word—till seventy times seven. They will most surely conquer who can most completely submit, for in this world he that would be greatest must be least, and he that can stoop the lowest shall rise the highest. I do not think there is much in a heritage worth fighting for compared with brotherly unity. Family peace and love are worth more than a disputed will can ever yield. The game of quarrelling is not worth the candle. When I have had to compose family differences I have usually found that the misunderstanding began about nothing, and went on about nothing; and yet the mischief done is frequently terrible. When I have to make peace, I like to have some real injury, injustice, or wrong to deal with; something that I can handle, judge, and condemn; but an invisible, misty, indefinable suspicion is hard to overcome. When there is nothing in the squabble, peace-making is difficult work. There is a great tingle-tangle over nothing. You cannot get at it. It is a sort of stinging jelly-fish, which you feel but cannot grasp. Loving bonds are broken, and there is ill-blood between Christian men and Christian women who ought to love one another, and all about—about—nothing! Now, you Christian people, go about with this as your pass-word—"Peace, peace, peace, peace." This will quiet the worst termagant of a wife that ever wearied a man—peace, peace. This will sober the most outrageous husband that ever tried a woman—peace, peace. Cultivate peace in the home garden whatever you do elsewhere.

When peace reigns in your own family, go into the world with the same watchword—"Peace, peace." Do not set dogs by the ears, but tame lions and tigers. Compose differences, and make people friends. If certain persons were dropped into the garden of Eden, they would be the serpent in it; but there are others who, if you were to set them down in a village distracted with strife and contention, they would be lumps of love to sweeten every bitterness. Try and be just such. Let your motto always be, "Peace, peace," amongst your neighbors, for the glory of God.

May the day come when, all the world over, there shall be peace; peace to Afghan and to Zulu, as it is to-day to Prussian and to Frenchman and to Englishman. Let us wish "Peace, peace" to all of woman born. May this blessed word be rung out as a clarion note beneath these heavens till men shall recognize that they make one family, and God is the one great Father. Ye nations, learn war no more! "Peace, peace, peace." Catch the words, ye winds, and waft them—"Peace, peace, peace." Hear the words, ye stars, and shine them out to-night—"Peace, peace." Rise up, O sun, in the morning, and over all rejoicing lands pour forth, with thy light and warmth, peace and quietness! May peace be with you, my brethren, henceforth and forever. Amen and amen.

THINKING OURSELVES OVER.

"What is self-examination?" asked little Alice; "Mr. Clifford said something about it in his sermon this morning, and he told us all to spend a little while every Sunday practising it—practising what, mamma?"

"Self-examination is thinking ourselves over," answered Mrs. Langton. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves—what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

"How must I do, mamma?" asked Alice; "tell me how to begin."

"You may first think over your conduct toward your parents. Have they had reason to find fault with you during the week? If so, what for? Have you disobeyed them, or been sullen toward them? And what good have you done them? Have you made them glad by your kindness and your faithful and ready compliance with their wishes?

"Then think of your duties to your brothers, and sisters, and little friends. Ask yourself how many you have made unhappy? Have you spoken cross words to them? Have you been angry or ill-natured? Have you deceived them? What hard thoughts have you cherished in your heart toward them?"

"O mamma, it would take me a great while to think all that over; and I'm afraid it would not always please me. What next must I think of, mamma?"

"Faithfulness in your business."

"Business!" said Alice, smiling. "Papa has business; little girls haven't any business."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Langton. "Any work which you have to do is your business. Your studies at school are your employment, in which you ought to be diligent and faithful. Have you been so? Do you never play in school? Do you thoroughly learn your lessons? Do you mind what your teacher says? Carefully think over whether your conduct is in all respects what a Christian child's should be."

"I know a verse about business," said Alice: "The Bible tells us to be 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' That means, we must mind God in it, doesn't it? What more is there to think over, mamma?"

"Secret faults," answered Mrs. Langton. "Have you cherished any wrong feelings in your heart? Have you had secret thoughts which you would be sorry to have exposed? Any envy of others, any pride? Have you harbored unkindness? Have you been selfish? Have you forgotten God? Have you neglected to praise him and to pray to him? Go over all this ground thoroughly, and confess your faults, and ask your Saviour to make your heart clean, and help you to love only what is lovely."

"But Aunt Jane says there's no need of children thinking," said Alice.

"Without thinking," said Mrs. Langton, "there can be no improvement. Thoughtlessness is the besetting fault of youth. It is this which makes young people giddy, foolish and vain, and blinds them to their own defects."

Alice sat still for some time, looking out of the window; then she came, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, gently said, "Dear mother, I will try to be one of yours and God's good children."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

IS ONE-TENTH ENOUGH?

Bishop Penick, of Cape Palmas, writes to an enquiring friend on the grace and duty of giving:

"And you want to know what I think of one-tenth as constituting the amount a Christian is required to give? I answer the question is raised by those who are holding back when they should be pressing forward, those who want to know how little they must do instead of how much they may do; and any spirit that seeks such exemption from the fullest service of the Lord, instead of the fullest participation in all his plans, works, purposes, and joys, is pressing away from Jesus instead of deeper and deeper into the unsearchable riches of his love.

"I confess it is a matter incomprehensible to me, how Christians with the New Testament open before them, can for one moment go back to the system of a one-tenth. For the kingdom of heaven is set forth in the parable of the talents and the pounds. Did the Lord require one tenth when he came back? Oh, no; principal and increase brought forth the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' &c. Yes, 'good' as well as faithful; the heart-work and joy of participation as well as the hand-work of material increase. Would the 'widow's mite' ever have resounded through a lost and ransomed world if it had only been a one tenth? Would Jesus ever have said, 'Having food and raiment, therewith be content,' &c., if he intended they should lavish nine-tenths of his trust-fund on themselves? Again, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Do you think any spirit in 'our Father's house' up there would be chained to one-tenth? No, no; the whole idea is a terrible misconception of the very character of a Christian and of God. 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' not a regular taxpayer. It is a sad mistake to imagine for one instant that it is the amount of money God is after; it is the loving co-operation of his children's spirits with his that is the joy of giving with Him. I want to be here as near as possible what I strive to be in heaven. I want no metes and bounds placed between me and my Father's and Saviour's love, but pray for grace to manifest to the fullest my grateful love. I lay my life and no one-tenth at the cross of my Lord, and count all but loss for his overwhelming love for me."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A SABBATH SERVICE which has nothing in it that will win the hearts of children will not win the hearts of older people, for the trait of Christian perfection even under gray hairs, is the perpetual youth and tenderness of childhood.

Question Corner.—No 4.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

37. What brook did David cross with four hundred men?
38. Where was he going?
39. By what brook were the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal slain?
40. What prophet in a time of famine was told to go and hide by a brook?
41. What was the name of this brook, and where was it situated?
42. What king reigned in Israel in the time of this prophet?
43. What was the name of the river near which the prophet Ezekiel had several visions?
44. What city of Syria, now in existence, was contemporary with Sodom and Gomorrah?
45. What city was the birth-place of David?
46. What city was the native place of Andrew Peter and Philip?
47. Upon what city besides Bethsaida did Christ pronounce woe?
48. What was the first miracle performed by Christ?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Who did in cruel wrath his kinsman slay?
2. Who was warned to flee, yet tarried by the way?
3. To whom did John write, touching Christian love?
4. Who to his God did ever faithful prove?
5. Whose self respect provoked her husband's ire?
6. Who rose to heaven in chariot of fire?
7. Whose rashness led to his untimely end?
8. The brother of the man whom God called friend.
9. Whose faith and love filled Paul with holy joy?
10. Who feared and served the Lord e'en when a boy?
11. Who from a child the Holy Scriptures knew?
12. What woman voiceless prayed a prayer most true?
13. Where did a king in agony of mind Guidance and comfort vainly hope to find?
14. What people for lukewarmness were reproved?
15. Unto whose dwelling was the ark removed?
16. What youthful widow made Faith's happy choice?
17. What king in anguish wept with lifted voice?

The initials form a precept both of the Old and New Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

13. The soldiers of Ahaziah king of Israel; Elijah called the fire from Heaven, 2 Kings i. 1, 12.
14. Elisha, 2 Kings vi. 1, 7.
15. Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 1, 7.
16. Because there was a famine in the land, 1 Kings xvii. 1.
17. The waters of Marah, Exodus xv. 26, 28.
18. Paul and Silas, Acts xii. 25, 28.
19. David. He killed Goliath the champion of the Philistines, 1 Sam. xvii. 20.
20. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Dan. iii. 26, 27.
21. In the land of Egypt, Ex. x. 22, 23.
22. Job xxiii. 12.
23. To the lawyer, Luke x. 25.
24. John, 1 John iv. 8.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Esau, Benjamin, Enoch, Nazareth, Emmaus, Zachariah and Elizabeth, Rama.—*Ebenezer.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Addie A. Cunningham, 12 ac; Cora May McIntire, 12; Edward Shepperson, 12; J. W. Dolph, 12; Minnie Vandusen, 11; Herbert W. Hewitt, 10; Fredrick J. Priest, 10.

To No. 1.—H. A. McKenzie, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 12 ac; Maud Leggo, 12 ac; William A. Piper, 12 ac; Maud Gamble, 12 ac; George Bott, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Aloah D. Has Broud, 12; Isabel McDonald, 12; Vesta McDonald, 12; Agnes McDonald, 12; Arthur Hicks 12; AddieA. Cunningham, 11 ac; Martha Jane Bates, 11; Thomas S. Telfer, 11; Louisa J. Wensley, 11; Carrie Edmunds, 10 ac; Flora A. McDougall, 8.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-school Union.)

LESSON VIII.

FEB. 20.] [About A.D. 27.

THE PREACHING OF JESUS.

Luke 4: 14-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 16-19.

14. And Jesus returned, in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of of him through all the region round about.

15. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.

16. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

17. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written:

18. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

19. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor.—Luke 4: 18.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Prophecy is fulfilled in Jesus.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—When John the Baptist was preaching Jesus came to him; then followed the temptation; John testifies of Jesus, and Andrew, Peter, John, Philip and Nathanael are called; the first miracle at Cana; Jesus visits Jerusalem, cleanses the temple; holds a night interview with Nicodemus; the Baptist is imprisoned; Jesus passes through Samaria; talks with the woman at the well; visits in Galilee; heals the nobleman's son; and comes to Nazareth where he was brought up.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—Title of last lesson?—Golden Text?—What did John preach?—Whom did he precede?—What three classes of people asked his advice?—How did he describe Jesus?—To what did he liken the good?—The bad?—End of each class?

NOTES.—GALILEE, the northern portion of Palestine, about 50 miles long by 20 to 25 miles wide, bounded on the south by Samaria and on the north by Phœnicia, called "Galilee of the Gentiles," where much of Jesus' public life was spent. It was the richest and most beautiful portion of Palestine.—SYNAGOGUE, Jewish places of prayer, or meeting-places, open every day. A low desk was near the centre and some of the seats around were higher than the others.—SABBATH DAY, the seventh day, our Saturday, and a day sacred to the Jews and strictly observed.—ESAIAS, the Greek for Isaiah.—THE BOOK, a roll or scroll.—MINISTER, he who had charge of the synagogue, and the box where the Scriptures were kept.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SYNAGOGUE. (II.) THE SCRIPTURES. (III.) THE SAVIOUR.

I. THE SYNAGOGUE.—(14-16.) RETURNED, from the temptation in the wilderness; POWER, not weakened by the conflict with Satan; INTO GALILEE, see Notes; A FAME, after his miracle at Cana; HE TAUGHT, Luke sums up several months of the public ministry of Jesus in this verse; see "Connected History"; TO NAZARETH, first great visit after he entered on his public ministry; HIS CUSTOM, regular attendance at public worship; our example; TO READ, any devout Jew might be invited to read; Jesus standing up indicated his wish to read.

II. THE SCRIPTURES.—(17-19.) BOOK, parchment roll; OPENED, unrolled; FOUND, turned up; THE PLACE, Isa. 61: 1, 2; UPON ME, upon the Messiah; GOSPEL, glad tidings; POOR, Christ is the special friend of the poor and oppressed.

III. THE SAVIOUR.—(20, 21.) CLOSED, rolled up; MINISTER, see Notes; SAT, the custom was to stand while reading and sit while teaching; EYES OF ALL, his old neighbors and citizens were greatly amazed; FASTENED, intently fixed; TO SAY, to explain; FULFILLED, after nearly 800 years; IN YOUR EARS, a bold assertion which they could not believe of their neighbor the carpenter, but "there stood one among them whom they knew not."

POINTS TO NOTICE.—What facts here teach—(1.) That regular attendance upon public worship is commendable? (2.) That true teachers are sustained by the Holy Spirit? (3.) That Jesus is a friend of the poor and oppressed? (4.) That the Scriptures should be read in public?

"The passage which He had read was a very remarkable one, and it must have derived additional grandeur and solemnity from the lips of Him in whom it was fulfilled. Every eye was fixed upon Him with a gaze of intense earnestness and we may imagine the thrill of [illegible] expectation and excitement which passed through the hearts of the listeners. His word were full of a grace, an authority, a power which was at first irresistible, and which commanded the involuntary astonishment of all. But as He proceeded He became conscious of a change. The spell of His wisdom and sweetness was broken. He saw that those eager glittering eyes, which had been fixed upon Him in the first excitement of attention, were beginning to glow with the malignant light of jealousy and hatred."—*Farrar's Life of Christ.*

ANCIENT ROLL OR BOOK.

LESSON IX.

FEB. 27.] [About 27. A. D.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

Luke 5: 12-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS 22-26.

12. And it came to pass, when he was in a certain city, behold a man full of leprosy: who seeing Jesus fell on his face, and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou will, thou canst make me clean.

13. And he put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him.

14. And he charged him to tell no man: but go, and show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing, according as Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

15. But so much the more went there a fame abroad of him: and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities.

16. And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed.

17. And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them.

18. And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him.

19. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus.

20. And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

21. And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?

22. But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?

23. Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?

24. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, (he said unto the sick of the palsy) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house.

25. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

26. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The power of the Lord was present to heal them.—Luke 5: 17.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus proved his power to deal with sin and its effects.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—When Jesus had finished speaking in the synagogue at Nazareth, his hearers rose up and thrust him out of the city, and tried to kill him, but he escaped, and came to Capernaum, where he again meets Simon, Andrew and John, and with them James; makes a tour of Galilee with his disciples, teaching and working miracles; again he comes to Capernaum where the events of the lesson take place.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—In what place did the events of the last lesson occur?—Where was Nazareth?—Whose home?—Day mentioned?—The custom of Jesus?—What did Jesus do in the synagogue?—What Scriptures read?—Officers of synagogue mentioned?—Effect of Jesus' words?

NOTES.—LEPROSY, the foulest and most loathsome of human ailments. Lepers were excluded from all society, dwelling outside the city or village in a quarter of their own. It was looked upon by the Jews as a mark of God's displeasure, see the cases of Miriam, Gehazi, Naaman and Uzziah. Farrar says, "Corrupting the very fountains of the life blood of man, it distorted his countenance, rendered loathsome his touch, slowly encrusted and infested him with a plague spot of disease far more horrible than death itself."—MOSES, the law-giver and leader of ancient Israel.—PHARISEES, a popular religious sect which in the time of Christ included a large part of the Jews. They were outwardly and formally very pious, but many were wicked at heart. They were the enemies of Christ.—DOCTORS, teachers.—GALILEE, see Lesson 8.—JUDÆA, the southern part of Palestine, with Samaria on the north and Idumæa on the south.—JERUSALEM, see "Notes" on Lesson 5.—PALSY, a contraction of the word paralysis.—TILING, the stone slabs, or clay tiles of which the slight roof is composed.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) HEALING THE LEPER (II.) HEALING THE PARALYTIC.

I. HEALING THE LEPER.—(12-16.) CERTAIN CITY, literally "one of the cities," Capernaum; LEPROSY, see "Notes"; BESOUGHT, earnestly entreated; I WILL, immediate response to the leper's faith; LEPROSY DEPARTED, instantly cured; OFFER, see Lev. ch. 14; TESTIMONY, "the appointed test of the reality and completeness of the cleansing work."—Ellicott; THE MORE, "thankful joy makes silence impossible for him."—Lange.

II. HEALING THE PARALYTIC.—(17-26.) CERTAIN DAY, not the same day, some time had elapsed; POWER OF THE LORD, manifested in Jesus; SOUGHT MEANS, tried to get to the door; HOUSETOP, flat, reached by outside stairs; BEFORE JESUS, determined and successful perseverance; THEIR FAITH, it had surmounted every difficulty; THY SINS, not a proof that the man was suffering for sins; FORGIVEN, only divinity can thus speak; TO REASON, they could not account for it; BLASPHEMIES, by assuming divine power; IN YOUR HEARTS, even the secrets of our hearts are known to him; THAT YE MAY KNOW, he that heals the body has power also to heal the soul; SON OF MAN, only so called by Christ himself; TAKE UP, others brought him and the bed; STRANGE THINGS, every saved soul to-day equally a miracle of grace!

POINTS TO NOTICE.—Where are we taught in this lesson:—(1.) That Jesus has sympathy for the sick? (2.) That he hears and answers prayer? (3.) That our faith is known to God?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Duty of Praise. God does not like to bestow His blessings where they will be hoarded or absorbed. He loves to give His very best gifts unto those who will not store them away in barns, but will scatter them abroad. He puts songs into the hearts of those who will sing them out again.

Faith. "It is not the quantity of faith that shall save thee." A drop of water is as true water as the whole ocean, so a little faith is as true faith as the greatest; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame; a sickly man is as truly living as a well man. So it is not the measure of thy faith that saves thee; it is the blood that it grips to that saves thee.—Winslow, D.D.

THE PROMPT CLERK.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him:

"Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning he instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing that his command had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune. *Exchange.*

TORTOISE.—It is a disputed point whether animals are fond of music or not. A lady writes from her country house in France—"I have a little tortoise always inhabiting the garden. When I call 'Tortue, tortue,' he answers to his name, otherwise he never shows himself—he might be a hundred miles off, for all we ever see of him; excepting sometimes when my sister comes down from Paris to pay me a visit. When she plays on the piano, he at once responds, and finds his way up to her, traversing the lawn and the outer room; he then puts out his small head and appears to be intent on listening and to enjoy the harmony of sweet sounds. When she accompanies the air with her voice, it seems to afford the mysterious little hard-coated creature still more pleasure. The music ended, he retires again to the garden."

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